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THE DECORAH
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VOL. I.]

DECORAH, IOWA, APRIL, 1875.

[No. II.]

E. W. HOLWAY, EDITOR.

THE OLDEST DOLLAR OF THE CITY OF BRUNSWICK.

Obverse: the arms of the city of Brunswick, and the date, 1498, above. Around, in old letters: MONETA NOVA CIVITATIS BRVNSWICE (*New coin of the city of Brunswick.*)

Reverse: a half length portrait of a bishop, with mitre on his head, a church in his right hand and bishop's staff in his left. Inscription: SANCTVS. AVCTOR. PATRONVS. NOS. (*Saint Auctor, our patron.*)

Crosses and portraits of saints are very common on old coins, owing to the great reverence of the people for them. They may also have had in view the fact that the image of a venerated saint would prevent many from melting and destroying them. Upon the coins of different cities and countries, various heads and portraits of saints are found, for every people, and even every sect, had its own particular patron. The old coins of the city of Brunswick present us with a portrait of the Archbishop of Triers, who became the city's greatest patron in the following manner.

He was born in Greece at the beginning of the fourth century. From early childhood he was kept at the study of the arts, sciences and

languages, but when his father, who was zealously fighting the infidels, wished to instruct him in military affairs, in order that he might fight for his native land and the Christian Faith, he strenuously objected. "Christ" he said, "commanded the Apostle Peter to sheathe his drawn sword, thereby teaching all Christians that their weapons should be spiritual, and that they should fight and conquer their enemies with the shield of faith and the sword of devout prayer."

He left home and secretly sailed to Rome, where he was ordained a priest. After traveling through various countries, he arrived at Metz, and as the bishop there had just died, he was chosen to fill the vacancy. Being very unwilling to accept the charge, he sought in prayer for a sign to guide him. Happening to stick a stylus in the ground, a small spring bubbled forth, and taking this as a favorable omen, he allowed himself to be ordained as the twelfth bishop of Metz.

In the year 450, Attila, King of the Huns, came before the city with his army. After a long siege they were about to withdraw, when the walls of the city fell of themselves and gave them a free entrance. They murdered many of the inhabitants, and burned all the houses and churches until they came to St. Stephens church, where a shining knight standing over it deterred the destroyers.

Taking Bishop Auctor and the remaining people with them for slaves, they departed. On their way an Egyptian darkness settled upon the Huns, so that they knew not which way to turn. Frightened, they sought the prisoners and asked the cause. "Do not think," said they, "that it is the result of magic. It is the judgment of God upon you for capturing His servant, the Bishop Auctor."

So finding the Bishop, they told him to go his way, taking whatever he desired, but to deliver them from the darkness.

"My captive people," he replied, "are the most valuable gift that I could receive," and when the darkness disappeared, they were permitted to depart. After the death of the Archbishop of Triers, Bishop Auctor was appointed in his place. When Attila came to this city, Auctor went boldly to the gates and cried: "Who art thou that so furiously destroyest the cities and bringest to all such sorrow and suffering?" "I am Attila, by the will and decree of God, a scourge to the Christians," haughtily answered the Hun. Thereupon Auctor opened the gates, and Attila and his army marched in at one and out at another covered with a thick darkness, so that they could see and injure no one. Auctor was archbishop forty-nine years and departed this life, "in the odor of sanctity," on the 20th. of August.

One might naturally suppose that the biography of our Bishop would end with his death, but no; he became a saint, so we must follow the history of his *bones*. His remains were placed in the church St. Maxamini, where they rested undisturbed for four hundred years, when on account of the Norman invasion, they were removed and buried in a cave to the south of the church.

Many years after, the spot was frequently visited by a pious person who greatly revered the Bishop. He kneeled there one day and exclaimed: "The saints rejoice in eternal glory." "They are happy in their place of rest," answered a voice from the cave. The Bishop then appeared, surrounded by a halo, and revealed that in a short time his bones would be taken into Saxony and greatly honored.

The pious Saxon Marchioness, Gertrude, was thinking of building a cloister, and one night an old man, tall, handsome, and dressed as a bishop, appeared at her bedside and said; "Thou pious matron, give heed to what I tell thee, and forget it not. I am Auctor, once Archbishop of Triers, and now my soul enjoys a bishop's honors in the eternal life; but my bones rest at Triers, and, according to the words of Christ, 'a prophet shall have no honor in his own country', I receive very little in my city. Therefore, by God's command, my bones, which are little regarded in Triers, shall be taken from there to the place where thou thinkest to build a cloister."

Soon after, the Marchioness went with a strong guard to Triers and entered the church. During prayer, the situation of the Bishop's bones was revealed to her, and she tarried until the sexton went to his meal. Then barring the doors and taking the clappers out of the bells, they dug up the bishop's bones, gathered up the relics, and speedily departed. When they reached Brunswick, the wagons stopped and, in spite of all exertions, remained immoveable.

This seems to have been a favorite method with saints of indicating where they wished their bones to rest, for in an old German Poem, "St. Meinrad", we find:—

"Und da der Leib sum Ezzell kam,
Wo er gewohnt der heilige Mann,
Da war der Sarg nicht zu bewegen,
Sie muszten ihn da niederlegen.

* * * * *

Wo er gestorben und gelebt,
Der Kloster Einsiedlen sich erhebt."

The Marchioness finally concluded that this was the spot chosen by Auctor for his resting place, and laid there the foundations of the St. Egidien cloister, which was consecrated on the first of Sept. 1115. The Bishop's bones were placed in a golden coffin and his head enclosed in gold and set upon the altar.

Afterward, he was chiefly celebrated as the protector of the city of Brunswick, as he had appeared and said; "According to the decree of God, I have chosen the walls of the city of Brunswick and as long as I am properly honored there, I will never leave them."

In 1199, when King Philip besieged Brunswick, the Bishop was seen going around upon the walls. He carried a naked sword in his right hand and threw back all the arrows shot at the city.

In the night he appeared in the camp to the Archbishop of Triers and told him to advise the King to withdraw his army, or he would die a miserable death. The King unwillingly departed and St. Auctor was honored in the city by a yearly procession.

In 1456, his bones were transferred to a silver casket adorned with precious stones set in gold, and an annual festival ordered, in honor of the "change of position of the holy bones of St. Auctor."

As he was so greatly revered, the city honored him by placing his portrait on their coins.

In 1710, Duke Anton Ulrich placed a Latin inscription behind the altar of the St. Egidien cloister, stating, among other things, that St. Auctor's bones were *piously stolen* from Triers in 1115.

Iowa can say, I-owe-a penny to nobody.

DOLLAR OF FREDERICK V. OF PFALZ, KING OF BOHEMIA.

Obverse: the crowned Bohemian lion, and the inscription: FRIDERICVS * G * REX * BOHEMÆ *

Reverse: three coats of arms hanging from an Electoral hat; below, 1621. Inscription, a continuation of the titles on the obverse: COMES * PALA * RHENI * ELECTOR * DVX * BAVA +

Misfortune and death are no respectors of persons. We see examples of this every day, and this Dollar recalls the notable case of the unfortunate Frederick, the "winter-king" of Bohemia.

He was son of Frederick IV. of Pfalz, and born August 16, 1596.

At the age of 14, he received the electorate, under the guardianship of Count Palatine Johannis of Bipont. In 1613, he married Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England.

On his birthday, August 16, 1619, he accepted the Bohemian throne, and was crowned at Prague, November 4.

He was a young, ambitious man, totally unfitted to govern. In less than a year his fortunes completely changed; the Protestant Union abandoned him, and his introduction of the French language and customs into his court created great dissatisfaction. The destruction of pictures and crosses in the churches lost him the affection of his subjects, and the disastrous battle of Prague completed his ruin. The imperial army won the field in less than an hour.

Frederick and his wife fled to Breslau and finally to Holland, pursued by satirical songs and caricatures. They left so hastily that the Prince of Anhalt forgot his most secret papers, and Frederick,

his crown. "I know now who I am," said this unfortunate Prince, to those who tried to comfort him. "There are virtues which only misfortune can teach us, and now, in adversity, we princes learn who we are."

After the battle of Leipzig, when the king of Sweden captured nearly all Pfalz, Frederick had strong hopes of regaining his lost possessions. Before he could make any attempt, however, death called him away. He reigned only one winter, hence he received the soubriquet of the winter-king.

Returning to our Dollar, it is remarkable for the turned **Q**, in *Dei Gratia*, which caused his enemies to say that he was not king by the grace of God, but was chosen under his *displeasure*. The King himself is said to have looked upon this as an unfavorable omen.

When the Dollar was brought to him, he at once noticed the error, and sent for the engraver to blame him for his carelessness. He, however, brought the die with him and showed that all was right with that, but claimed that when the coins were struck, the **D** was inverted. The King was greatly frightened, thinking it a sign of impending evil.

There are various opinions as to when this circumstance occurred.

The majority refer it to a time just before the battle of Prague, but this does not agree with the date upon the coin. It may, perhaps, have been dated ahead to make it new longer, as is now the case with books and periodicals. Thus dollars of Maximilian II. are common with the date 1579, although he died in 1577. The supposition is, that in the latter, the engraver intended to make the last figure a 6, but inverted it.

These Dollars are also found with the D correct. The engraver may have taken this die to the King, and thus given rise to the above story.— *Vide Historische Remarques*, 1702, Page 81.

Kundman's *Nummi Singulares*, P. 18, and Schiller's *Geschichte des dreissigjaehrigen Kriegs*.

VICTORY DOLLARS.

The Franco-Prussian war gave rise to a large number of coins and medals. Among the most interesting are the Victory Dollars, of which we have seen the four described below.

SAXONY.

JOHANN V. G. G. KOENIG VON SACHSEN; head to left; beneath the bust, B. *Reverse*: EIN THALER XXX EIN PF. F.; a winged figure on horseback, holding a flag in the right hand and a branch in the left; various flags under the horse, and in exergue, 1871. On the edge, * GOTT * SEGNE * SACHSEN * ~

BAVARIA.

LUDWIG II KOENIG V. BAYERN; head to left; beneath the bust, J. RIES. *Reverse*: DURCH KAMPF UND SIEG ZUM FRIEDEN; a seated female figure, holding a wreath in her right hand and a cornucopia over her left arm; a bush grows by her right foot; in exergue, FRIEDENS SCHLUSS ZU FRANKFURT A. M. 10 MAI 1871. On the edge, XXX * EIN * PFUND * FEIN *

WUERTTEMBERG.

KARL KOENIG VON WUERTTEMBERG; head to left; on the edge of

the bust, C. SCHNITZSPAHN. *Reverse*: MIT GOTT DURCH KAMPF ZU SIEG UND EINIGUNG ; a winged female figure pointing upward with her right hand; beneath her feet are cannon, flags, and two wreaths; in one, 1870; in the other, 1871. On the edge, * XXX * EIN * PFUND * FEIN * —

PRUSSIA.

WILHELM KOENIG VON PREUSSEN ; head to left; below the bust, A. *Reverse*: SIEGES THALER ; a seated female figure, a crown on her head, a sword in her right hand, and her left arm resting on a shield. In exergue, 1871. On the edge, GOTT — * — MIT — * — UNS — * —

NUMMI SINGULARES.

At the beginning of the year 1700, there was a great dispute as whether that year was to be regarded as the end of the 17th. century, or the first year of the 18th. That the question excited considerable interest is evident from the number of medals struck by both parties. We describe a few of the most curious ones.

No. I.

The Genius of the year within a circle, upon the circumference of which is SECULUM XVII and SECULUM XVIII. In exergue: WO SIND WIR? (*Where are we?*) *Reverse*: HOERT DOCH WUNDER IM IAHR MDCC WUSTEN DIE LEUTHE NICHT WIE ALT SIE WAREN. (*What a wonder! In the year 1700, the people did not know how old they were.*)

No. II.

A little boy asking an old philosopher; "WIE ALT SEYD IHR?" (*How old are you?*) "nescio," (*I don't know.*), he answers.

Legend: PROPTER SÆCULARISTAS ET CALEDARIUM NOVVM. (*Because of the century disputants and the new calendar.*)

Reverse: as No. I.

No. III.

The 1700ers have a large mortar into which they are throwing the '99ers, and a learned *Grand-Mousquetair* is pounding them with a huge pestle marked 1700. They jump out, however, holding up a strip of paper with 1699 upon it, showing that they still persist in their opinion that the century had already ended with the year 1699.

On the mortar is 1700 SÆCULI FINIS. Inscription: WAS HIER WIRD AUSGERICHT FAELLT DRUEBEN INS GESICHT. [*What is done here is easily understood.*] In exergue: PROV. XXVII. V. 23., which reads: "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Reverse is blank.

No. IV.

Obverse: as in No. III.

Reverse: EY WAS WUNDER MDCC SIND NOCH NICHT HERUNDER; WERS NICHT GLAUBET LIEBER HERR BLEIBET EIN 99ER. [*What is the wonder? 1700 is not yet here; he who does not believe it, sir, remains a 99er.*]

Vide Thesaurus Numismatum Modernorum Huius Seculi.

VARIA.

We have the 12th. Catalogue of Autographs on sale by Otto Aug. Schulz, Leipzig. We notice one which shows that the compiler is no better posted in American History than some of our English cousins; viz:-

No. 318. Franklin, Benj. *The renowned traveler and President of the United States.*

There are 5 Pesetas pieces of Don Carlos VII., dated 1874.

Chicago is rejoicing at the prospect of having a branch mint.

The Centennial Commission Medals are ready at the Philadelphia Mint, as follows:

Large gilt, with case, - - - - -	\$5.00
Small " " " " - - - - -	\$1.00
Large bronze, with case, - - - - -	\$2.00
Small " " " " - - - - -	\$1.00
Silver " " " " - - - - -	\$3.00

A friend writes us: "There is another small Journal to come out in March, published in Titusville, Pa. The collectors are not much disposed to encourage these Journals from the fact of several having been commenced and given up."

No one need hesitate about subscribing to *this Journal* on that account, for it *will* be published a year, at least, and if our friends will contribute articles occasionally, we may continue it longer.

It makes too much of a sameness when the Editor is obliged to write everything.

France has just sent the widow of John Brown, and his children, in this country, a gold medal, with a likeness of the old man on one side, and an inscription on the other, which dedicates the medal "to the memory of John Brown, judicially murdered at Charleston, in Virginia, on the 2d of December, 1859."

The medal weighs five ounces and is accompanied by a letter to Mrs. Brown, signed by Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and other distinguished Frenchman.

The above item is going the rounds of the Papers. Can any one tell us whether it is true?

The following lines were sent to a shopkeeper by a gentleman who had received from him a penny which he had left upon his counter.

I have the cent you sent to me,
And now I've sent a scent to thee;
Your cent was nickle, as was seen,
My scent is tonqua, that's a bean;
The cent you sent me's very well,
The scent I've sent you is to smell;
That cent was sent I know what for,
This scent is sent to scent your drawer.

Silver first coined at Rome, 269 years before Christ.

MR. EDITOR:—What is our nashonal motto? I disremember, but I know it commenses with E.

A SUBSCRIBER.

E Pluribus U-num skull.—*Chicago Post*.

